

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

MARGIE CANNOT RESUME HER LOVE FOR DICK WHO STILL LOVES HER KEENLY

Yesterday, little book, Dick asked me to go motoring with him. "I think you are well enough, Margie," he said, "and the doctor says you can go as soon as you feel disposed."

I was delighted, especially as Dick said he would go in my little electric car. Dear little car, I had not been in it for a year.

Alice—who, by the way, will be married soon after the yachting trip and who is now living in that rarified atmosphere of which every woman dreams and in which few are able to breathe—helped me dress, and I tell you I was quite excited.

Just think of it, little book, I actually walked out to the electric, and if you please, Dick had bought me a new one—a perfect beauty!

"Oh, Dick, you dear," I exclaimed. "It is just lovely! The old car was good and would have done quite as well. I am afraid this beautiful present was a great-extravagance on your part."

"I wanted to be extravagant, dear. I want to be extravagant always in words and deeds for you, but some way you keep me from being so. Why, Margie, don't you understand I am loving you all over again? Again you fire my imagination and give me a thrill. Again I want to wind about my fingers that little curl of hair that snuggles over your ear and down upon your white neck."

"A glance from your eyes and I feel a sharp intake of my breath which means supreme happiness. Margie, you are my sweetheart again, and I'm waiting, dear, for you to be my wife again."

Little book, I am ashamed to write it, but I could not help drawing away from him a little. When we entered the car I almost unconsciously took the driver's seat and I want to confess, little book—my heart sinks as I do it—that I felt more of a thrill

when that car started under my hand than when Dick's arm tightened about me.

"Here, here," I exclaimed playfully, "you must not make love to the chauffeur. If you do we are liable to run into a tree and go to Kingdom Come."

Dick pulled his arm away hastily and said in a hurt voice: "Sometimes I think that would be better than living in the Kingdom Here as we are doing now."

I was a bit shocked at his earnestness, and so he would not notice it, I said banteringly: "Goodness, Dick, you would not have me die again, right after that long living death I have just been through?"

"Margie, darling, I would have you live—live for me," he said quickly and again his arm stole about me.

Oh, little book, little book, how can I confess this even to myself? I don't want to belong. I don't want to live for Dick. I want to live for myself. His most ardent speeches leave me cold. Yet, little book, honestly and fervently, I never wanted to do anything as I want to love him all over again.

(To Be Continued)

ALL 'ROUND TOWN!

Stockholders of Swift & Co. get a \$25,000,000 dividend this year and some workmen get a 2½-cent hourly raise. The woman who buys Swift & Co. meat at the corner store, she gets—she gets—well, say, just what does she get? Anything besides higher prices for meat?

Al Lasker buys a 22-acre place at Highland park. Cost him \$132,000 because land is high at Highland park. Advertising pays. Mister Lasker is head of the Lord & Thomas agency.